

## A STORE FOR THE PEOPLE!!

The House from which the new things Come

A store that serves you as satisfactorily when you want inexpensive merchandise of reliable quality as it does when you desire the finest and costliest goods made. It occupies a corresponding position in this mercantile world of ours because it deserves to do so. It strives continually to improve the store service, to elevate the standard of merchandising, to make the store more helpful and more beneficial to its patrons in every way; to sell the best class of goods at lowest prices

### SPRING AND SUMMER WEAR

There are so many things in our stock for the wear of Spring and Summer, that Ladies are able to find just what they want. They have a novelty and brightness about them which, together with the fact that all the late ideas in weave and pattern may be seen, makes them desirable. We have Laces, Lawns, Linens, Muslins, DIMITIES, Silks, Tweeds and Voiles that we would like to show you.

Our Spring line of Block Bros. & Kilpatrick's celebrated line of trousers has arrived and for fit and style they can't be beat. Will wear like "Buckskin." A look at them will convince you.

## WRIGHT, GAMBLE & CO.

#### THE NEED FOR SHADE TREES

If a stranger within our gates were to inquire, with a certain lift of the eyebrows, why Canyon City is so barren of thrifty and vigorous shade trees, what definite reply could be made? In what way could the fact be explained without exposing ourselves to a charge of crudeness in taste, or lack of appreciation of important aesthetic values? It would be possible, of course, to take the inquirer around town and show him an occasional fine array of young trees, and demonstrate to our own satisfaction that the town is not entirely destitute of vigorous young specimens.

But we should gain little pleasure from the expedition; we should be altogether free from what is called the glow of triumph; for, in order to make the demonstration, we should have to traverse many streets where tree growth has not been given a chance to respond to the suggestive coaxing of the sun and soil. In many instances, Paul, the citizen, has planted, and there has been found no Silas of the town to do the watering, figuratively speaking.

The shade trees of a town are among the elements by which its people are to be judged. A renowned traveller, who had the wit to infuse his writings with the germ of permanence, makes a very curious remark about one community that he had occasion to visit. "The people," he said, "are hospitable, but they lack refinement; but for their houses they would live entirely in the sun, for they have no shade trees." It is to be presumed, however, that this sweeping criticism is based on the fact that they had ample leisure to turn their attention to the cultivation of trees, and that, possibly, is precisely what Canyon City has never had.

This, of course, will serve as an excuse, but, between ourselves, and to go no further, it is a desperately poor excuse. As the boys say, it won't hold water. Canyon City is young, but she is as old as

a flourishing tree, which, having reached the age of more than a decade, is then old enough to enjoy its youth. The first instinct of a man who builds a home is to plant a tree, and when one is planted more are necessary, for there is not a lonelier sight on earth than a solitary tree. It seems to call for companionship as though it needs the comforts that association brings.

Canyon City has been a very busy little city, and she is still busy; in all probability she will continue to be busy as long as there is a vacant lot with an area of—well, we'll be modest about it and say ten miles around. To be modest is to be in some sort humble, and it is said that those who are moved by the spirit of humility and meekness shall inherit the earth. But there are other communities that are just as busy, (in a small way) as Canyon City, and still they find time to attend to those matters that refinement puts a premium on. Some of them do not even rely on the enterprise of the individual citizen to plant trees where they will shade the sidewalks. In short, there are some communities that have so impressed their sentiments and desires on the men who make their municipal laws that there is provision made for the public planting of trees.

The trees of a town, especially those on the thoroughfares where the people make their homes, are not alone beautiful. They constitute an element of health, and a very essential one. They have been characterized as the lungs of a city, but they are far more than that. During the summer the difference between the heat of an exposed avenue and one that is protected by shade trees is fully 50 degrees. That is to say, the heat in one place is unendurable and in the other it is temperate and healthful.

It may be said, therefore, that the planting of trees and shrubbery about the homes serves a need more important than the merely ornamental. They are active contributors to the most essential measures of sanitation. It is said that

there are one or two modern cities where there is not a deficiency of trees, and the matter is considered so important that the cultivation of trees takes the shape of a public duty.

#### RANDOM THOUGHTS.

G. A. B.

Man, indeed, may be a wonderful piece of mechanism but what shall we say of woman when to the par excellence of nature she adds the most "exquisite creations" of art? What passes the understanding of the average man is that what is steadfastly pronounced to be "exquisite" and "a perfect dream of beauty" today is disdainfully thrown aside tomorrow as thoroughly "out of style" and "perfectly horrid."

As the ancient "corn dance" of the Indian was supposed to usher in the spring season, and was a ceremony offered in propitiation to the Great Spirit—a mode of asking for the crystal blessings of the clouds, so it was in "ye olden times" that Easter marked a retirement of the "Ice King" and the time set for the putting on of a new garb to propitiate the goddess of fortune.

Modernized the "goddess of fortune" has become "Dame Fashion" and those who fail to bow at her shrine are said to be "outside the pale of civilization," "brutes!!"

He who goes not into ecstasy over her "exquisite" productions, her "wonderful dreams" and her "ravishing costumes" is sometimes whispered to be "almost a barbarian" and yet this poor barbarian has thoughts—expressed by the St. Louis Republic in lines as follows:

"What if it be a work of art,  
A gem of Paris town,  
The wealth of Carthage in its flowers  
And Croesus in the crown?  
Or what if it resemble most  
A crumpled doorway mat?  
What odds? I see my lady's hair,  
And not her Easter hat!

'Tis not the dainty poke of straw,  
Nor flowers nor plumes that wreath it  
That lures me to that Easter dream—  
It is the charm beneath it."

A Dunkard colony is to be established between Hereford and Bovina, 51,000 acres having been secured for that purpose by a Dunkard committee. Stock farming is to be the chief occupation. These people have also, through their representatives, secured about 15,000 acres in the Pecos Valley between Roswell and Carlsbad. The Dunkards are a peculiar religious sect similar in many respects to the Quakers. They not only profess religion but practice it in all its departments, dress included, their attire being, if any difference, more severe in simplicity than that of their next of kin religiously—the quiet unassuming Quakers. They make first class citizens in all save fighting.

Mr. Cleveland declares that Judge Parker is a "fit representative of safe and conservative Democratic principles" and he further says that "he does not see how anyone professing to be an intelligent democrat can hesitate to accept him." This, of course, puts Mr. Parker thoroughly in line with Grover Cleveland's ideas of what the Democratic party should now stand for—"Clevelandism"—and as everybody knows by this time what that means, Judge Parker's stand can be correctly gauged. The logic of this situation is clear without further waste of words—if a "Cleveland man," vote for Judge Parker; if opposed to "Clevelandism" support Hearst.

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THOMAS BROS.

PRICE, ONLY \$4.00.

#### NOTICE TO BREEDERS OF FINE HORSES!

TOM HAL, the thoroughbred Tennessee Stallion, will make the season at Rowan's Livery Stable, in Canyon City. This is the best Saddle and Harness Stallion in West Texas. He is the greatest combination horse ever brought to the South. He is a dark Blood Bay, a model of beauty and the crowning type of modern horses. Sixteen hands high, weighs 1200 pounds. Terms: \$5, \$10 and \$15. If any time the mare is traded or moved from the county, the money is due.

WANSLEY BROS.